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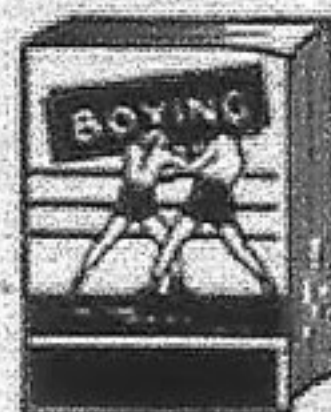
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THE CASE OF THE BLOOD-RED RUBIES

MEMO: THIS CASE WAS OUT OF THIS WORLD! I CAUGHT THE MURDERER, AND YET I DIDN'T! SOUNDS SCREWY, DOESN'T IT? WELL, THAT'S THE KIND OF CASE THIS WAS-A SCREWY CASE!

THE CASE OF THE BEAUTIFUL CORPSE

MEMO: OH, BROTHER! I'LL NEVER LIVE THIS ONE DOWN! BEAUTY IS SUPPOSED TO BE ONLY SKIN DEEP, BUT WHEN THEY START CALLING ME THE "BEAUTIFUL MR. BURLAND" WELL, THAT GETS UNDER MY SKIN-WAY UNDER!

THE CASE OF THE FRIENDLY MURDERS

MEMO: I'M VERY SENSITIVE ABOUT SITTING IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR A MURDER I DIDN'T COMMIT! SO, THE ONLY THING TO DO WAS FIND THE GUY WHO DID IT! A VERY FRIENDLY GUY, I MIGHT ADD!

CONFIDENTIAL FILES OF THE

Black HOOD



PLUS--

**GLOOMY GUS - THE HOMELESS GHOST
AND OTHER SPECIAL FEATURES!!**

Phy *Black* HOOD

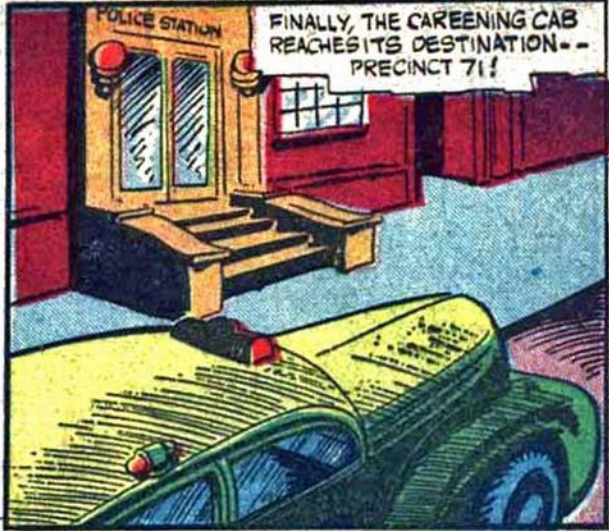
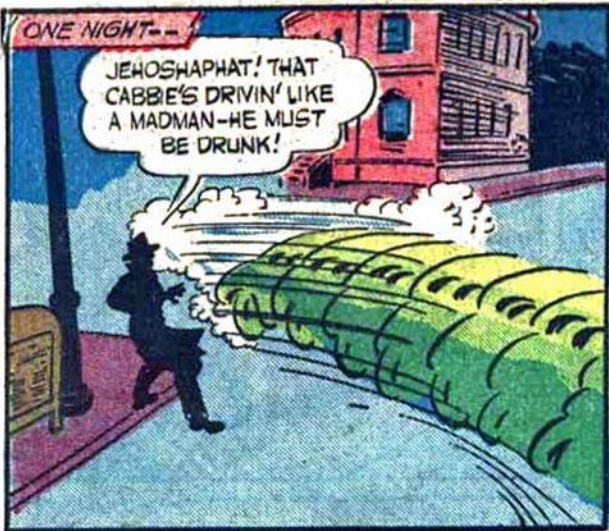
and

The CASE
of the
Blood RED
RUBIES!



ONE NIGHT--

JEHOSHAPHAT! THAT
CABBI'S DRIVIN' LIKE
A MADMAN--HE MUST
BE DRUNK!



FINALLY, THE CAREENING CAB
REACHES ITS DESTINATION--
PRECINCT 71!



POLICE--IT'S MOIDER--RIGHT
IN MY CAB!



TAKE IT SLOW, MR. JUST--
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE,
NOW?

ULP--MY
CAB--




THERE'S A STIFF IN THERE--HE WAS OKAY WHEN HE GOT
IN AND ASKED ME TO TAKE HIM TO THE NEAREST
STATION HOUSE--BUT HE'S **DEAD** NOW!



C'MON, SERGEANT MCGINTY!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



A BULLET-HOLE! RIGHT
BETWEEN THE
EYES !!!!



GET HIM INTO THE
STATION-HOUSE, KIP!
WE'LL HAVE TO CALL IN
HOMICIDE ON THIS!

INSIDE THE POLICE STATION --

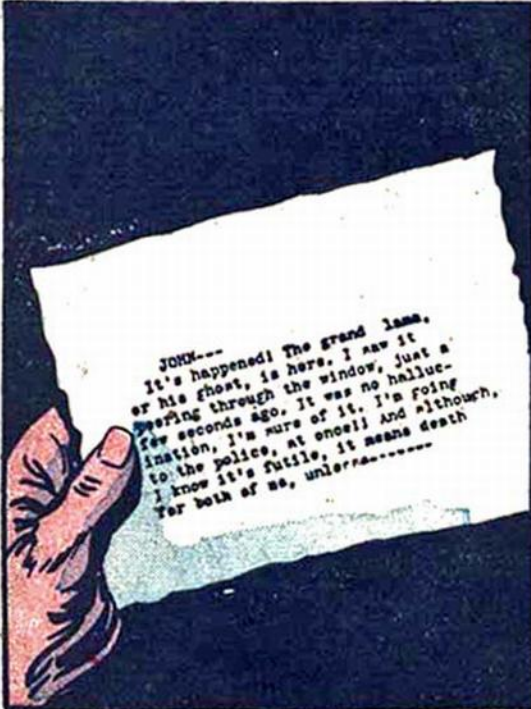


SAY, THERE'S A PIECE
OF PAPER CLENCHED
IN HIS FIST!




GREAT
GHOSTS!

WHAT'S IN THAT
NOTE, BURLAND?




JOHN---
It's happened! The grand lamo.
er his ghost, is here. I saw it
peerling through the window, just a
few seconds ago. It was no halluc-
ination, I'm sure of it. I'm going
to the police, at once! And although,
I know it's futile, it means death
for both of us, unless-----



LOOKS LIKE HE NEVER
HAD A CHANCE TO FINISH
THAT NOTE! BUT, WHO IS
JOHN? AND WHO'S THE
CORPSE?

I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER
TO YOUR FIRST QUESTION,
SARGE! BUT WE CAN PROB-
ABLY FIND SOMETHING TO
IDENTIFY HIM!!




AH, HERE IT IS—A
WALLET! HENRY SIMPSON—
ARCHAEOLOGIST!




OKAY! NOW,
HOW'RE WE
GOING TO
FIND OUT
WHO JOHN
IS?


IF HE WAS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST, HE
WAS BOUND TO HAVE GOTTEN INTO
THE NEWSPAPERS, SO MAYBE
BARBARA SUTTON CAN HELP
US!




HELLO, KIP! WHAT SIMPSON,
THE ARCHAEOLOGIST? HOLD ON,
I'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING ON
HIM IN OUR MORGUE!



SELPIN—? SHARRON—? AH,
HERE IT IS—HENRY SIMPSON!
HM—M? THERE'S ANOTHER
NAME ON HIS CARD!!



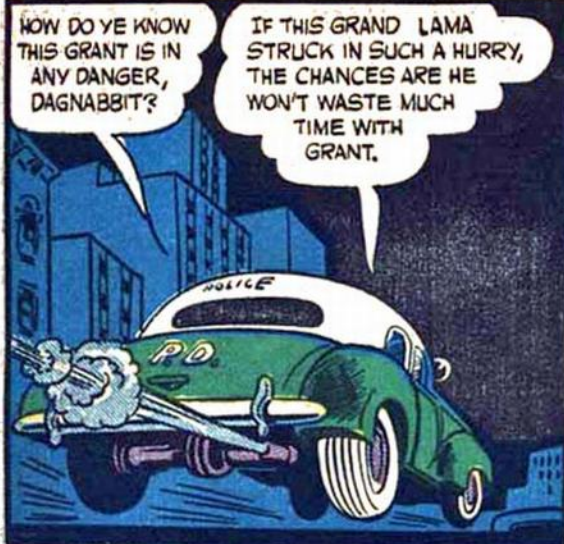
HELLO, KIP! ALL WE HAVE ON HIM,
IS THAT HE RETURNED WITH A
JOHN GRANT, FROM AN EXPEDITION
FOUR YEARS AGO—YES—THERE'S AN
ADDRESS ON GRANT!



HOTEL NORTHVILLE, EH? THANKS, BABS, YOU'VE
TOLD ME ALL I WANT
TO KNOW!



LET'S GO TO THE HOTEL NORTHVILLE—
THERE ISN'T A SECOND TO
LOSE, SARGE!



IT'S GONE!

I'M GLAD THE CURSED THING IS GONE! IF I HAD MY WAY, I'D HAVE RETURNED IT YEARS AGO!

WHAT'S ALL THESE SHENANIGANS ABOUT, ANYWAY?

IT ALL STARTED FIVE YEARS AGO! SIMPSON AND I WERE ON AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION IN TIBET! SOMEHOW, WE GOT SEPARATED FROM OUR PARTY IN THE LOFTY TIBETAN MOUNTAINS!



FOR DAYS WE WANDERED IN THOSE BITTER COLD HILLS. HITHERTO UNTOUCHED BY CIVILIZED MAN-WE WERE HOPELESSLY LOST!



IF WE CAN REACH THAT MOUNTAIN PEAK, JOHN, WE CAN SEE FOR MILES!

IT-IT'S OUR LAST HOPE, HENRY!



OUR HEARTS ALMOST BURSTING IN OUR CHESTS, WE ATTAINED THE SUMMIT, AND---

JOHN-A CITY-WE'RE SAVED!!!



HOW WE MANAGED TO CRAWL THE REST OF THE WAY INTO THE CITY, I'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT WE DID, BEFORE WE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS!



WHEN WE REGAINED OUR SENSES, I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LATER, IT WAS TO FIND OURSELVES IN A STRANGE ROOM, TENDED BY AN EVEN STRANGER PERSON!



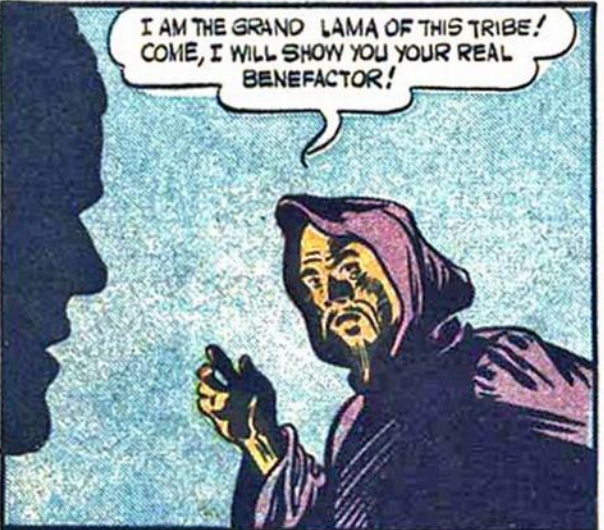
IT WAS WEEKS BEFORE WE RECOVERED! WE TRIED TO THANK OUR RESCUER-A TIBETAN MONK--

WE CAN NEVER REPAY YOU!

YOU OWE ME NOTHING-THE CREED OF OUR TRIBE IS-"MERCY AND PEACE"!



I AM THE GRAND LAMA OF THIS TRIBE! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU YOUR REAL BENEFACTOR!



HERE HE IS-THE IMAGE OF OUR GOD! IT WAS HE WHO LED YOUR STEPS TO THIS CITY-FOR IN HIS EYES IS THE WISDOM OF THE AGES!



WE LOOKED AT THE WEIRD IDOL-SUDDENLY, WE SAW SOMETHING THAT TRANSFIXED BOTH OF US!



THE EYES OF THE IDOL WERE MADE OF BLOOD-RED RUBIES! THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GEMS WE HAD EVER SEEN!



HENRY WENT MAD!! PULLED OUT HIS GUN-AND BEFORE I COULD DO A THING, SHOT THE LAMA!---



HENRY, YOU FOOL--
WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE?

I'VE GOT TO HAVE
THOSE RUBIES!



FRANTICALLY, HE CLIMBED UP THE
IDOL AND HACKED, AND GOUNGED AT
THE PRECIOUS EYES!



LOOK AT THEM,
JOHN--A KING'S
RANSOM!!

WE'VE GOT TO
GET OUT OF
HERE, OR WE'LL
NEVER LIVE TO
ENJOY
THEM!



--BUT, AS WE FLED---

A CURSE ON YOU! MY SPIRIT WILL
FOLLOW YOU WHEREVER YOU
GO--UNTIL THE EYES ARE RE-
TURNED TO MY GOD, AND
YOUR TREACHERY
AVENGED!



HOW WE MADE OUR WAY BACK TO CIVILI-
ZATION--I'LL NEVER KNOW! SOMETHING--?
SOMETIMES--? I THINK--? PERHAPS THE
MONK WAS RIGHT ABOUT THOSE EYES--
THEIR WISDOM!! AND NOW THE GRAND
LAMA, HIMSELF, HAS CAUGHT UP
WITH US!!



NOW, WAIT A MINUTE--YOU DON'T EXPECT
US TO BELIEVE A CURSE KILLED SIMPSON?
--AND ALMOST GOT YOU?





I'M JUST TELLING YOU
WHAT HAPPENED,
SERGEANT!

WELL, IF YOU
WANT POLICE
PROTECTION-?

NO THANKS! WITH THE SACRED
RUBIES GONE, MY LIFE IS NO
LONGER IN DANGER!



ER-I'D BETTER STICK
AROUND ANYWAY, SARGE!
JUST IN CASE...

YEAH-I'LL GO BACK AND
SEE WHAT HOMICIDE HAS
TO REPORT!



NOW, LET'S COMPARE THIS TYPEWRITTEN
NOTE I SWIPED FROM GRANT'S DESK,
WITH THE ONE IN SIMPSON'S
HAND!

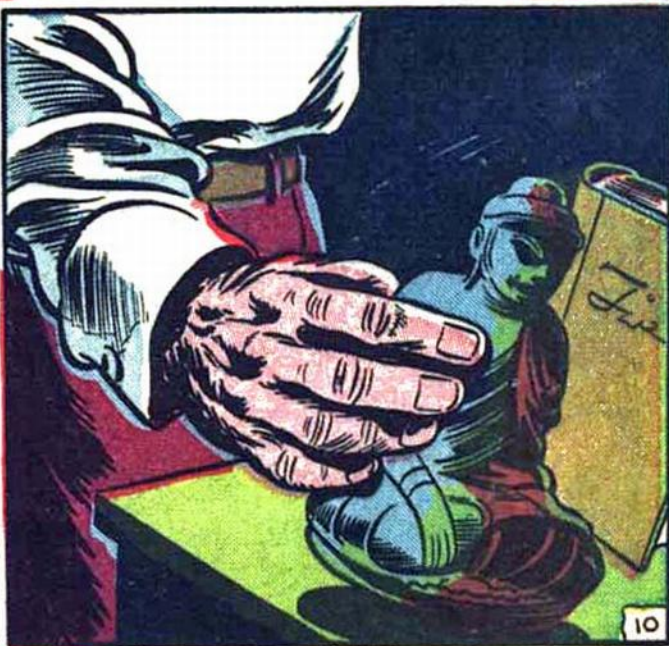


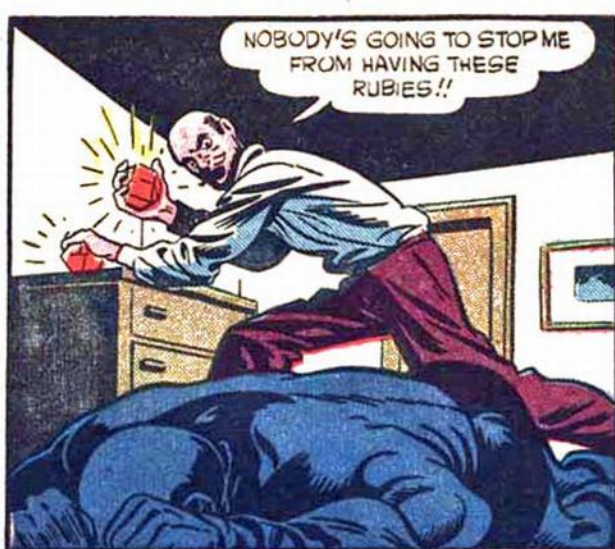
WHILE BACK IN GRANT'S APARTMENT----

EVERYTHING WORKED
PERFECTLY! NOW THEY'RE
BOTH MINE!



LOOK AT THEM-THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL GEMS IN THE WORLD!
FOR YEARS, I'VE PLOTTED HOW
TO GET THEM-AT LAST I'VE
SUCCEEDED, AND NOBODY
CAN SUSPECT!







YOU ALMOST GOT ME THAT TIME, MY FRIEND! BUT YOU WON'T GET A SECOND CHANCE!



GOOD LAND!!



DEAD—AND NOT A MARK ON HIM—LOOKS LIKE HEART FAILURE!!



BUT WHAT COULD HE HAVE SEEN, THAT FRIGHTENED HIM TO DEATH? GRANT WAS ANYTHING BUT THE WEAK-HEARTED TYPE!



PERHAPS HE SAW **JUSTICE**, **BLACK HOOD**!

WHA-?



THE STORY GRANT TOLD YOU, WAS TRUE—EXCEPT FOR ONE DETAIL—IT WAS HE WHO COMMITTED THE SACRILEGE AGAINST MY GOD!! NOT SIMPSON!!

NOW, MY GOD IS AVENGED AND
ONCE AGAIN SHALL HIS EYES
GIVE US WISDOM!
FAREWELL!

DON'T-YOU'LL
BE KILLED!

GONE-NOT A TRACE OF HIM-
BUT HOW? I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND..

AND SO GRANT KILLED
SIMPSON, PROBABLY WITH
A TELESCOPIC RIFLE-AND
STOLE THE
RUBIES!

AND THEN DROPPED DEAD
WITH REMORSE, HUH? ---
SORRY, KIP, YOU'LL HAVE TO
GIVE HOMICIDE A BETTER
STORY THAN THAT-
IT WON'T HOLD
WATER!!

I KNOW IT WON'T, SARGE! THAT'S WHY I
WON'T EVEN BOTHER TELLING THE REST OF THE
STORY-IT'LL JUST HAVE TO GO ON THE RECORDS
AS AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY!!

UNSOLVED IN POLICE RECORDS, MAYBE-BUT NOT ON THE
BOOK OF JUSTICE! FOR, IN A FAR-OFF LAND, THE CRAGGY
FASTNESSES OF HILLS IN TIBET-A TRIBE ONCE AGAIN
WORSHIPS ITS GOD IN PEACE AND HAPPINESS!

FOR ONCE AGAIN, THE RED RUBIES, GLEAMING WITH THE
WISDOM OF THE AGES, LOOK DOWN ON THEIR PEOPLE!

The END!

LET'S PLAY

DETECTIVE

CAN YOU READ THE CROOK'S CRYPTIC NOTE WHICH LED TO HIS CAPTURE?

----- AT THE ----- NEAR
THE ----- ON REED ST. AND
PICK UP THE STOLEN ----- OF
GOLD, THEY'RE -----

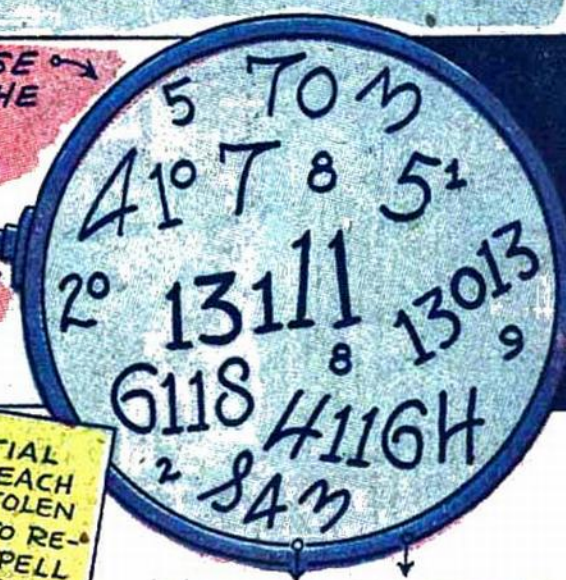


TO DO SO YOU MUST FILL IN THE BLANK SPACES WITH FIVE FOUR-LETTER WORDS, EACH OF WHICH MAY BE SPELLED WITH THE LETTERS "OSPT."

IF YOU LOOK CAREFULLY AT THESE NUMBERS YOU MAY UNCOVER THE FIRST NAMES OF A GANG OF -

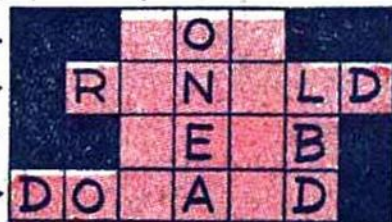
SEVEN NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS CAUGHT BY THE BLACK HOOD.

CAN YOU DETECT ALL SEVEN NAMES?



TAKE THE INITIAL LETTERS OF EACH OF THESE 5 STOLEN ARTICLES... TRY TO RE-ARRANGE THEM TO SPELL ANOTHER ARTICLE WHICH WAS ALSO ROBBED.

SIX MEN WERE INVOLVED IN A CRIME. IF YOU PRINT THE TWO CORRECT FIRST NAMES IN THE BOXES, READING DOWNWARD, THE COMBINED LETTERS WILL SPELL FOUR NAMES READING ACROSS.



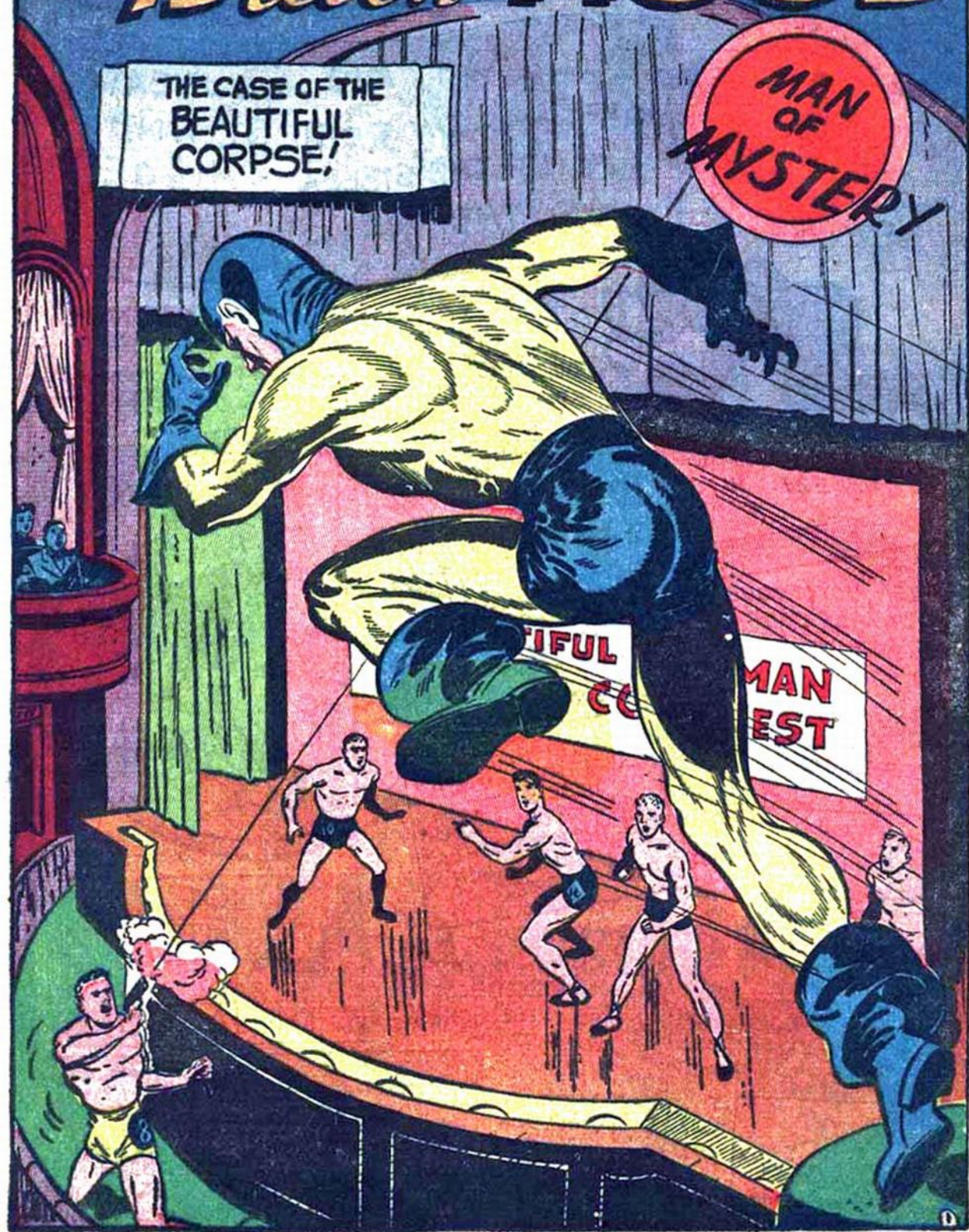
SOLUTIONS:
MISSING WORDS: STOP, SPOT, POST, POTS AND TOPS.
NUMBER NAMES: TOM, ART, BILL, BOB, GUS, HUGH AND SAM.
THE INITIALS OF WHIP, AXE, TIE, CAP AND HOLLY WILL SPELL WATCH.
JOHN AND EARL WILL COMPLETE JOE.
RONALD, HERB AND DONALD.

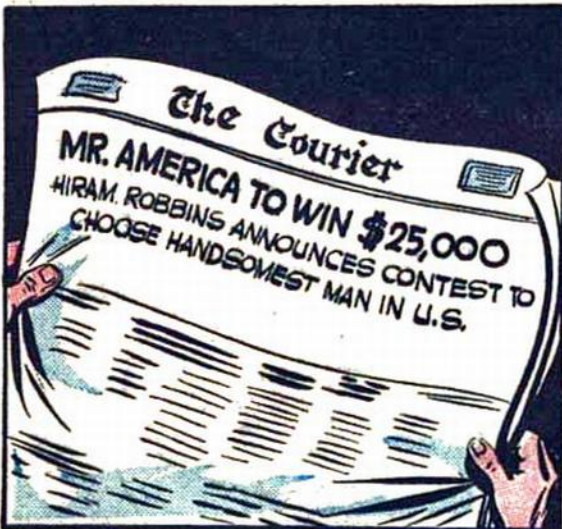
A.W. NUGENT

The Black HOOD

THE CASE OF THE
BEAUTIFUL
CORPSE!

MAN
OF
MYSTERY





—WHILE IN THE HIDEOUT OF THE NOTORIOUS "PRETTY BOY" FRAWLEY!

NOT BAD! THOSE PLASTIC
SURGEONS DID A REAL JOB!
MY NEW FACE LOOKS BETTER
THAN THE OLD ONE!



I'M GOING TO ENTER THAT MR. AMERICA CONTEST! WE
COULD USE THOSE 25 G'S TO TIDE US OVER
BEFORE WE PULL OUR NEXT JOB!

YOU'RE KIDDIN',
PRETTY
BOY!



WHO SAYS
SO?



I'LL WIN, ALL RIGHT! PRETTY BOY
FRAWLEY DOESN'T TAKE ANY
CHANCES! THAT TWENTY FIVE
GRAND IS AS GOOD AS IN
MY POCKET!

AND IN PRECINCT 71-----

YOU'RE GOING TO COVER THAT
MR. AMERICA CONTEST,
KIP BURLAND! AND I
DON'T WANT ANY
MORE BACK TALK!

PLAYING NURSEMAID TO
A LOT OF MUSCULAR,
MALE BEAUTIES! WHAT'S
THE WORLD COMING TO?

LATER--

**MOST BEAUTIFUL MALE
CONTEST \$25,000 PRIZE**

YOU'RE HIRAM
ROBBINS, SPONSOR
OF THIS CONTEST,
AREN'T YOU?

YEP, THAT'S
MY BRAIN-
CHILD, ALL
RIGHT!



WHAT'S THE ANGLE ON THIS STUNT, ROBBINS - PUBLICITY?

RIGHT-I CONVINCED TH' CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IT WOULD PUT NORTHVILLE ON THE MAP-LIKE THOSE BEAUTY CONTESTS DID FOR ATLANTIC CITY!

I'LL SEE HOW THE VOTING ON MR. AMERICA IS COMING! THE CONTEST IS BEING SCREENED BY TELEVISION, AND PEOPLE ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ARE ALLOWED TO VOTE!



NUMBER TWELVE IS LEADING!

NOT FER LONG, HE WON'T BE! GET 'EM UP!

HEY, WHAT THE HECK--?

SHUT UP!



THIS'LL HELP YA KEEP A CLOSE MOUTH!

BUT PATROLMAN BURLAND IN HIS WANDERINGS, IS ATTRACTED BY THE NOISES TO THE DOOR OF THE POLLING ROOM--

WELL, WELL, AN UNEXPECTED JOB FOR THE **BLACK HOOD!**

HELLO, BOYS! I'D LIKE TO REGISTER MY VOTE!

GULP--THE **BLACK HOOD!**







WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE GUN SHOTS!

BANG-BANG-BANG!



BOY-THINGS ARE SURE HAPPENING FAST AND FURIOUS, NOW!



ROBBINS! WHAT HAPPENED?

GULP. IT'S CONTESTANT NUMBER TWELVE! HE'S BEEN SHOT!



I WAS IN THE NEXT ROOM, WHEN I HEARD THE SHOTS!

DEAD AS A DOOR NAIL! LOOKS LIKE THIS CONTEST OF YOURS IS GOING TO GET MORE PUBLICITY THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR!



BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO KILL #12? HE WAS THE MOST POPULAR ENTRY!

THAT MIGHT BE **EXACTLY** THE REASON HE WAS KILLED!



LOOK, ROBBINS, THAT COP BURLAND, HE'S-ER-A **VERY CLOSE FRIEND** OF MINE! I WANT YOU TO ENTER HIS NAME IN THE CONTEST-BETWEEN US, WE MAY GET A CLUE TO THE KILLER'S IDENTITY!

MEANWHILE-IN THE DRESSING ROOM OF CONTESTANT #8

THE HOOD'S WISE TO US,
PRETTY BOY! WE HAD
BETTER DUCK!

HOOD OR NO HOOD,
I'M STICKIN'!



IF I CAN'T GET THAT 25
GRAND ONE WAY, I'LL GET
IT ANOTHER-IF YOU KNOW
WHAT I MEAN!

YOU'RE THE BRAINS,
PRETTY BOY! JUST
TELL US WHAT TO DO,
AND WE'LL
DO IT!



LATER, A NEW CONTESTANT TAKE HIS PLACE BACKSTAGE--

BOY, I FEEL SILLY AS HECK, DOING
THIS, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN
STUDY THESE GUYS WITHOUT
AROUSING

FIRST GUY I WANT
TO SEE IS #8!



THERE HE IS! SAY, HE LOOKS VAGUELY
FAMILIAR-WHERE HAVE I SEEN
HIM BEFORE?



ON STAGE, EVERY-
BODY! FINAL ROUND OF
THE CONTEST COMING
UP!



WHEW-THANK HEAVENS I'M OFF-HAVEN'T
LEARNED A THING SO FAR-EXCEPT #8
OUT THERE! I KNOW I'VE SEEN HIM
BEFORE, BUT WHERE?



HOLY SMOKE! NOW I KNOW--
HE'S HAD HIS PUSS UPHOLSTERED!
BUT THAT'S PRETTY
BOY FRAWLEY!



THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO
ADD UP! NOW I KNOW WHY
THOSE THUGS WERE
STUFFING THE
BALLOT BOX!



BUT I THOUGHT FRAWLEY WAS
TOO SMART FOR MURDER! WELL,
THE **BLACK HOOD'S** GONNA
FIND OUT!



MEANWHILE, ROBBINS APPEARS ON-
STAGE TO PRESENT THE WINNER'S AWARD!

PATIENCE, FOLKS! WE'LL HAVE THE WINNER,
MR. AMERICA, FOR YOU IN A MOMENT!
THE VOTES ARE BEING TALLIED UP
RIGHT NOW!



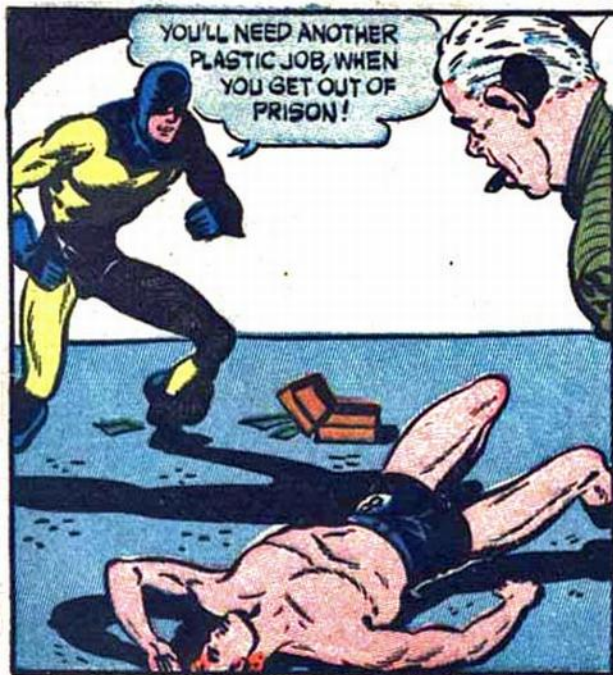
WE'LL SAVE YOU THE
TROUBLE! HAND OVER
THE DOUGH!

WHAT TH'--A
ROBBERY!



JUST A MINUTE, BOYS! I'VE
GOT SOMETHING TO SAY
ABOUT THAT!





UH-HERE YOU ARE, ROBBINS!
I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE
ANYTHING MORE TO WORRY
ABOUT!

YES, THANKS, HOOD!
I-AH-BETTER TAKE
THIS TO MY ROOM
A WHILE!

BLAST HIM! IF ONLY HE HADN'T INTERFERED,
FRAWLEY WOULD'VE GOTTEN AWAY, AND I'D
HAVE BEEN IN THE CLEAR!

ONLY THING LEFT FOR ME TO
DO, IS BURN THE DOUGH-AND
GET RID OF MY GUN! THEN I'LL
LEAVE TOWN!

ULP!

A NEAT, LITTLE SCHEME, ROBBINS!
AND IT MIGHT HAVE WORKED, IF I
HADN'T SPOTTED THAT
**COUNTERFEIT
MONEY!!**

OKAY, SMART GUY! SURE
I MURDERED HIM-BUT IT
WON'T DO YOU NO GOOD
TO KNOW, 'CAUSE--

THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK !!!



HEY, KIDS, HERE'S TERRIFIC

NEWS!

Archie

AND HIS GANG are
on the AIR



You SEE them in your favorite comics
Now **HEAR** them on your

FAVORITE NBC STATION
EVERY SATURDAY
NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Beginning June 2nd
10:00-10:30 AM.

E.W.T.

What a treat! Now you can hear the whole gang
IN PERSON — Archie, Jughead, Betty, Veronica
and the Andrews Family. Look up your local
N.B.C. radio station and keep your date with
Archie Andrews and his gang every Sat-
urday morning from 10:00 to 10:30 a.m.
(E.W.T.). Have the time of your life
listening to their adventures. **SOME**
ADVENTURES! SOME FUN! And
say, will you do Archie a
real favor? Write and tell
him how you like him and
his gang on the air—
will you? Thank!



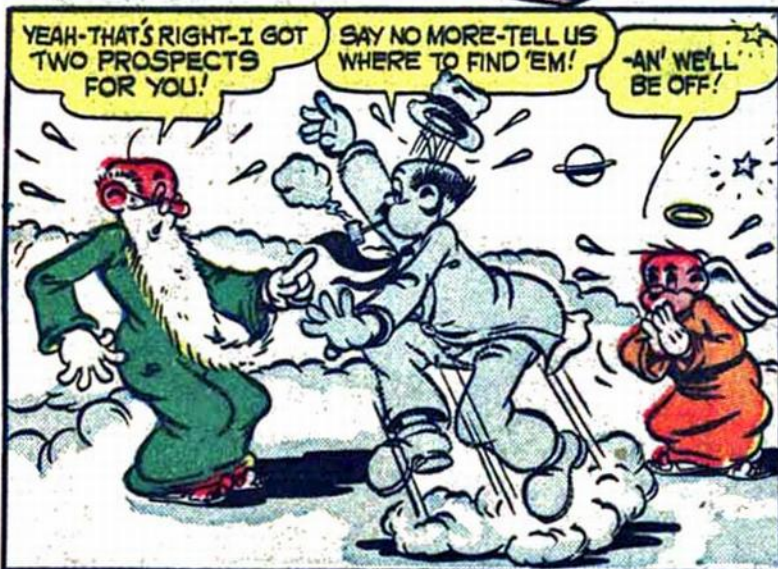
GLOOMY GUS

THE
HOMELESS GHOST
AND HIS ANGELIC PAL
GABBY

by
"RED"
HOLMDALE

GLOOMY GUS MADE
THE BOAST-
THAT HE LOVED TO
BE A GHOST!
HE'S LOOKING FOR A
BODY-ROOMY!
NOT FINDING ANY KEEPS
HIM GLOOMY!

HEY, GUS-ST PETE
WANTS US, RIGHT
AWAY!



NOT SO FAST, BOYS! THIS'LL BE A
TEMPORARY SETUP FOR YOU-TWO
WEEKS-MORE OR LESS OF
A VACATION!



-THE TYCOONS, PERCY GOLDSMITH AND JIMMY SILVERS ARE HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH--



IT'S NECESSARY T' HAVE SUBSTITUTES FOR THEM-- SO PEOPLE WON'T START A STOCK-MARKET PANIC!



MAYBE THESE GUYS'LL KICK THE BUCKET AN' WE'LL BE SET FOR GOOD-HUH?

JUS' THINK-- ACTUAL, REAL MILLIONAIRES!



HE SAID TH' ADDRESS WAS TH' RITZ HOTEL!

BOY-- WOTTA JOINT!

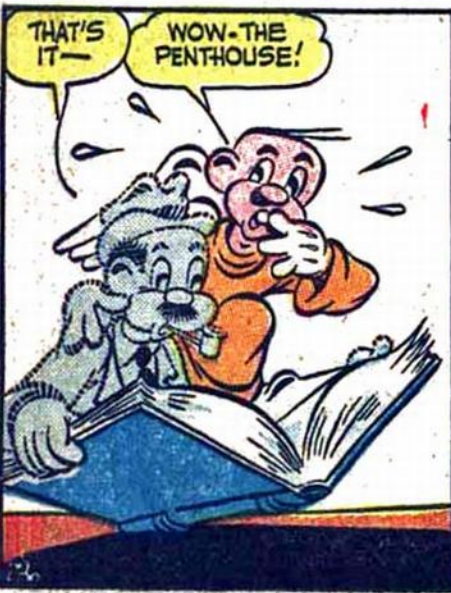


LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT TH' REGISTER AN' SEE WHAT FLOOR WE LIVE ON!



THAT'S IT--

WOW-- THE PENTHOUSE!



THAT'S IT-- DOWN TH' HALL--



THIS IS SWELL-- THEY'RE JUST MOVING OUR "POSSIBLES" TO THE HOSPITAL!



C'MON, WOTTA WE WAITING FOR?
WE BETTER GET
MOVIN'!



THIS'S OKAY, GUS-
TAXI SERVICE!

FORGET IT-GET INTO THAT
BODY 'FORE IT'S
TOO LATE!



I GOT MINE-N' IT'S A
GOOD FIT,
TOO!

MINE TOO! LET'S TAKE
A LOOK AT OURSELVES!



NOT BAD, HUH?
DISTINGUISHED
LOOKIN' AREN'T
WE?

YOU CAN SAY THAT
AGAIN, GABBY!



WITH THIS SETUP, WE
CAN REALLY DO THINGS
IN STYLE!

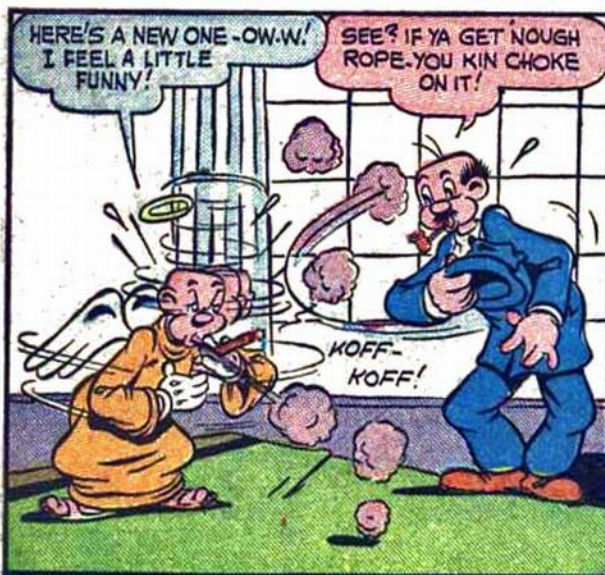
YEH-LET'S GIVE THE
JOINT TH' ONCE-
OVER!



WOTTA JOINT! EVERYTHING
'AT MAKES LIFE WORTH
LIVING.

CIGARS, TOO!







IT'S EASY TO PICK OUT TWO SUITS-BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE A CLOTHING STORE!



'SNO USE-TH' ONLY WAY IS TO TRUST TO LUCK-EENEY-MEENIE, MINEY, MOE!



-A LITTLE WILD, BUT IT MAY PEP GABBY UP A BIT!



HE'S TAKIN' A LONG TIME-HEY, GABBY. HURRY UP, WILL YA?



DOES HE THINK THIS IS SAT'DAY NIGHT? I'D BETTER HURRY HIM UP A LITTLE!



WHAT TH'?



WOSSA IDEA OF TRYIN' T' DROWN YOURSELF?



DON'T BE A DRIP! GET DRESSED 'N' WE'LL SPEND SOME OF THE MONEY WE'RE S'POSED TO HAVE!

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE GOT 'ROUND TO THAT!



WE KIN GO SHOPPING IN OUR LIMOUSINES, CAN'T WE?

SURE, WE'RE RICH, AREN'T WE?



A NICKEL'S WORTH OF MURDER

A BLACK HOOD STORY

OFFICER Kip Burland was patrolling his midnight beat. It was very quiet. Curfew was sending most of the citizenry to bed at a much earlier hour, and to Kip's way of thinking, a very good idea. If more people went to sleep earlier, there'd be a lot less trouble. But patrolman Burland's peace was not to remain undisturbed for long. A figure suddenly hurtled out of the doorway of one of the houses on the street, and ran smack into him. The impact was so great he had to hang on to keep from falling.

"Whoa, mister. This is no time of the night to be chasing around that way," Kip said good-naturedly.

"Officer. Something terrible has happened to Mr. Collins," the guy babbled. "I . . . I think he's killed himself."

"Take it easy, will you. Who's Mr. Collins? Who are you? Count ten and start making sense."

"My name is Jordan. Robert Jordan. Mr. Collins is my employer. I'm his chief bookkeeper. Mr. Collins asked me to

work late tonight to straighten out his books."

"What's all this got to do with Mr. Collins committing suicide?"

"I'm coming to that," Jordan said. He was still breathing heavily. "He told me to call him up no matter what the hour, when I got through. I forgot all about calling him till I got home. Then I called him. He didn't seem at all interested in what I was saying. Instead he told me to hold the wire. Soon I heard a shot. And that's about all, I guess."

"That's enough," said Kip. "Come on. We're going over to Collins' place."

In a short while, Kip and Jordan were at Collins' door. It was locked from the outside. Kip placed his shoulder against it, and heaved heavily. There was a splintering sound as it gave way.

Kip almost fell over the body stretched out on the floor in the foyer. The phone was off the hook, and dangling from its wire. He examined the body carefully, and removed the gun from the stiff fingers with a

handkerchief. Then he went over to the phone, looked at it for a while, turned to Jordan and said, "that's a funny exchange for this neighborhood. Did Mr. Collins give you his phone number when he asked you to call?"

"Why, no. Funny he didn't, now that you mention it. I guess he forgot. I got it through information."

"Hm . . . I see. Well, there's nothing more you can do. You go on, and get some sleep. The police'll call you when they need you."

"Sleep. I won't sleep for a week thinking of this terrible thing," Jordan replied. "I knew Mr. Collins was depressed lately. He had a good many business worries. But I . . . I never thought he'd do anything like . . . like this."

"Well, there's no accounting for the strange notions that come into people's heads. Anyway, you can go on home."

Jordan left. Kip watched him through the window emerge onto the street. Then he did a strange thing. He didn't at all call homicide as

he should have done. Instead, he started to shed his police uniform, and stood forth as . . . **THE BLACK HOOD!**

"Yes. People get strange notions in their heads," the Hood intoned grimly. "Very strange notions. I've got one right now about Mr. Robert Jordan, the timid bookkeeper."

Jordan was at home. But he wasn't sleeping. Instead he was packing. "So far, so good," he muttered with deep satisfaction. "Everything went perfect. That dumb cop will testify that I was on the phone when Collins shot himself. They'll ask me a couple of routine questions down at headquarters. Then I'll blow town, and be in the clear."

"Going somewhere, Jordan?" came the low but vibrant voice from behind.

Jordan whirled. There framed in the window, crouched a shadowy and powerful figure. A figure that was legend to honest people, and a nightmare to criminals. Jordan saw it as a nightmare.

"Wh . . . what do you want?" he husked.

"You, Jordan. For the murder of your employer, Mr. Collins."

"You're crazy. I . . . I

wasn't even near him, when . . ."

"Yes. I know what your story is going to be. My friend, Patrolman Burland, told me all about it. He also told me that you lied about calling Collins tonight, as you claimed."

"What! How could he possibly know that?"

"Because you said you'd gotten his phone number from information. But there wasn't any phone number on the base of the telephone in Collins' apartment. That meant that it was an unlisted phone. **AND NO OPERATOR WILL GIVE OUT THE NUMBER OF AN UNLISTED PHONE.**"

Jordan licked his parched lips. His voice came out cracked and trembling. "All right. I didn't call him. But he committed suicide. You . . . you can't prove otherwise."

"Oh yes we can. If you weren't such a rank amateur, you'd have known that a man who puts a gun to his head and shoots himself leaves a tell-tale sign. Powder burns. But there weren't any powder burns on Collins. And that means the gun was held at a distance . . . **BY SOMEBODY ELSE'S HAND.** Yours, Jordan!"

There was desperation in Jordan's voice. The desperation of a cornered rat. "All right. I did it. I'd been using the firm's money, and trying to cover it up in the books. Mr. Collins found out. Threatened to jail me. I went to his house. Pled with him, but he wouldn't listen. I attacked him. He got to his gun. We struggled, and I wrenched it from his hand. The . . . the rest you know."

"Okay, Jordan. The police will be interested in hearing that story. Let's go."

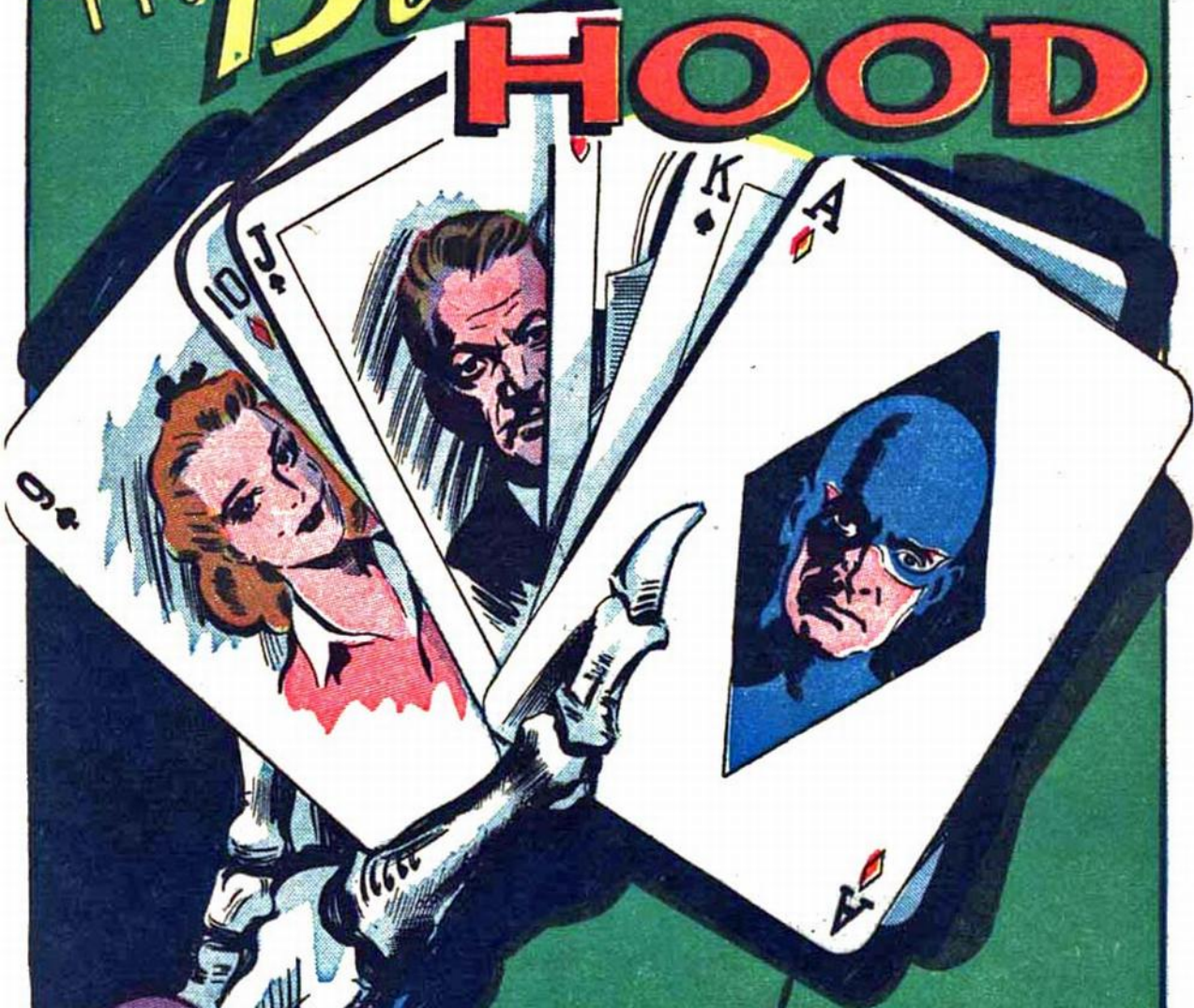
Jordan followed the Hood meekly toward the door. Suddenly, with startling unexpectedness, he lunged at the Hood. His fists flailed out wildly, and the Hood, taken completely by surprise went down under the hail of blows. Before he could get on his feet, Collins was hurtling wildly toward the window. There was the loud crash of broken glass. A piercing shriek that trailed the plunging body into the blackness below. A lumpy thump. Then, silence.

The Hood 'chased down stairs, into the courtyard, and up to the body of Jordan, which was now a corpse.

"Yes," he said looking down at the still figure. "Some people get funny notions."

the Black HOOD

MAN
OF
MYSTERY



and

THE CASE OF THE
**FRIENDLY
MURDER!**

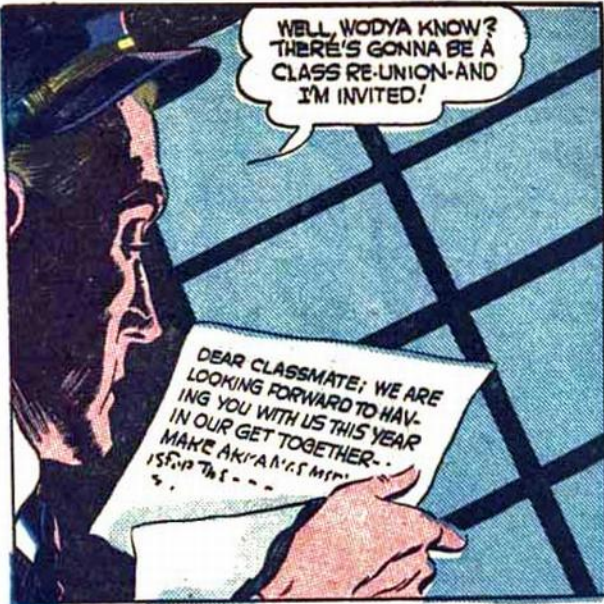
PATROLMAN KIP GURLAND COMES HOME, ONE NIGHT, OFF HIS BEAT-TO FIND---

HM-M? A LETTER FROM THE OLD COLLEGE!

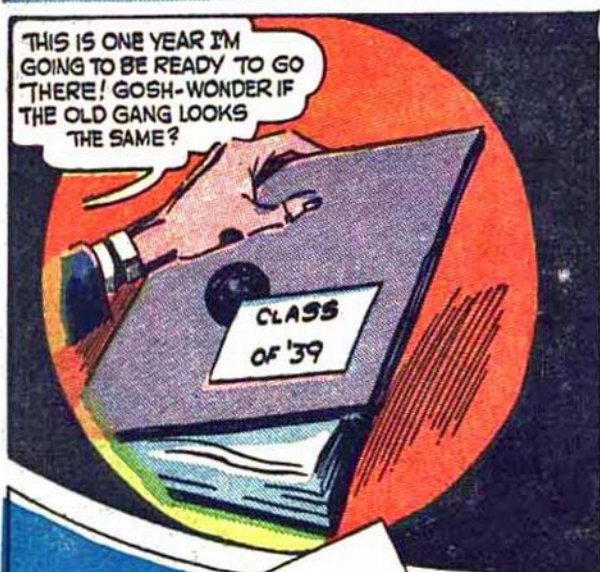


WELL, WODYA KNOW? THERE'S GONNA BE A CLASS RE-UNION-AND I'M INVITED!

DEAR CLASSMATE: WE ARE LOOKING FORWARD TO HAVING YOU WITH US THIS YEAR IN OUR GET TOGETHER-MAKE AKA'S MEET-15:30 TH 8---



THIS IS ONE YEAR I'M GOING TO BE READY TO GO THERE! GOSH-WONDER IF THE OLD GANG LOOKS THE SAME?



HM-M? 'RIB' ROBBINS-THERE'S A GUY WHO GOT UNDER MY SKIN! RICH, CONCEITED, AND LOVES A JOKE! -AS LONG AS IT WAS ON SOMEONE ELSE!



AL MCLEAN-



BOY-WONDER IF THESE TWO ARE STILL THE SAME BUDDIES? THEY WERE INSEPARABLE, EVEN THOUGH THEY WERE RIVALS IN EVERY SPORT, AL ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE THE EDGE ON BILL!

BILL FIX-



'CLARENCE JORDAN-'BOOKWORM', WE USED TO CALL HIM! THERE'S A GUY WHO SHOULD HAVE GOTTEN SOMEWHERE! ALWAYS HAD HIS NOSE IN A BOOK!



WELL, IF I'M GONNA GO, I BETTER GET STARTED...THE SHINDIG'S FOR TONIGHT! BOY, I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE THE OLD GANG!



LATER-

WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T KIP BURLAND!

AL MCLEAN AND BILL FIX-YOU OLD DOGS-STILL TOGETHER-EH?



NOT FOR LONG, THOUGH, KIP! AL'S DUE TO BE MARRIED SOON!



THAT REMINDS ME I'M SUPPOSED TO CALL LOUISE AT TEN-THIRTY SHARP!

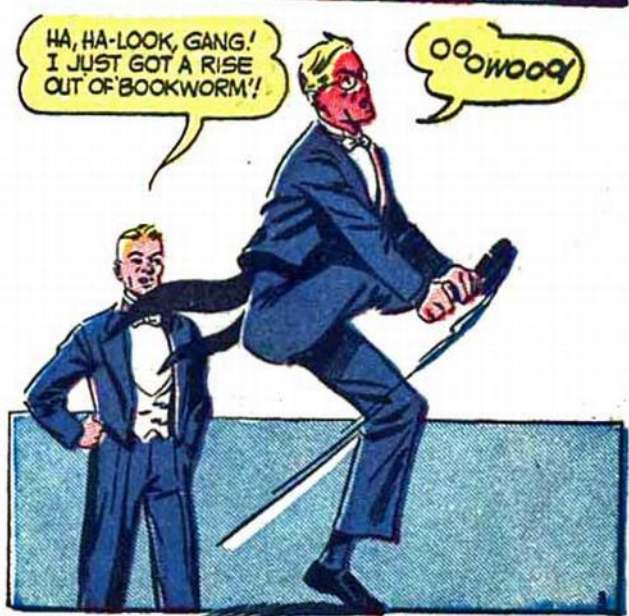
MEANWHILE-

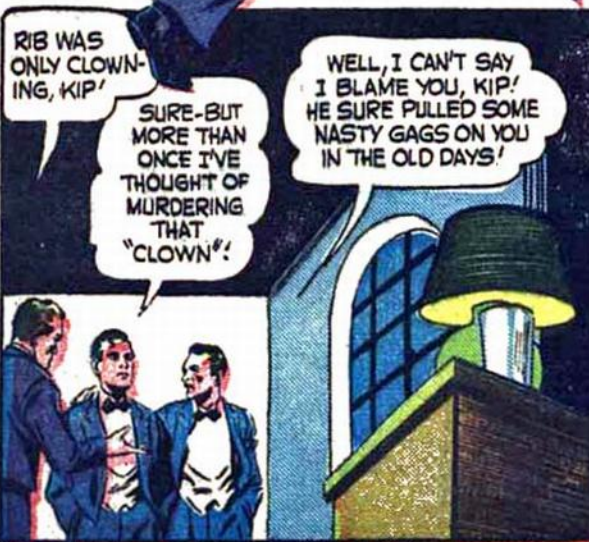
HAW, HAW! THIS IS GONNA BE GOOD!



HA, HA-LOOK, GANG! I JUST GOT A RISE OUT OF 'BOOKWORM'!

OOOOWOOO!





BUT AS KIP OPENS THE PHONE-BOOTH DOOR —

WHA--

BETTER REMOVE THE KNIFE, BEFORE SOME-
BODY SMEARS THE PRINTS!

"RIB" ROBBINS,
MURDERED!

HEY, KIP! WHAT'S
KEEPING--GULP!
GREAT HEAVENS!
RIB!

YES, BILL!
HE'S DEAD!

GOOD LORD, KIP! HOW COULD YOU DO
SUCH A THING?

WHAT? D'YOU THINK
I KILLED
HIM?

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO THINK?
YOU FOUGHT WITH HIM-- AND
THREATENED TO MURDER
HIM AND NOW I FIND YOU
OVER HIS CORPSE --
WITH A KNIFE IN
YOUR HAND!

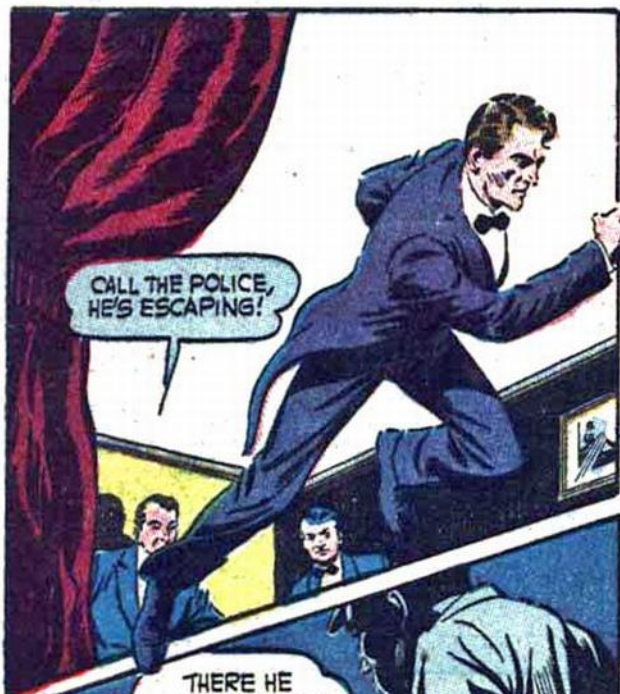
BOY! IT DOES LOOK BAD FOR ME,
AT THAT-IF I DON'T GET OUT OF
HERE, I'LL NEVER FIND THE
REAL KILLER!



SORRY, BOYS, BUT THE PARTY'S
OVER-FOR ME!



CALL THE POLICE,
HE'S ESCAPING!



THERE HE
GOES-SHOOT
TO KILL!



THE POLICE CALL GOES OUT, AND SOON A DRAGNET
SCOURS THE CITY!



WHEW! THAT WAS
CLOSE!



WE GOT HIM CORNERED IN THIS ALLEY-YOU GO AROUND THE OTHER END-I'LL RUSH HIM FROM THIS SIDE!



THE COAST IS CLEAR, FOR A WHILE! ONLY ONE PLACE I CAN HIDE!



MEANWHILE, AT PRECINCT 71

SGT. MCGINTY, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR-KIP BURLAND WANTED FOR MURDER?



THAT'S RIGHT, BABBS, THAT'S THE WAY I FEEL-THE SAME WAY-BJABERS!

BUT, IT'S ABSURD, SARGE, SURELY YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT!



WELL, IF HE DIDN'T DO IT,
WHY DID HE CLEAR OUT
IN SUCH A HURRY?
DAGNABBIT!

I DON'T KNOW,
BUT YOU CAN BE
SURE IT WAS FOR
ANOTHER
REASON!



LATER, AS BARBARA ENTERS HER DARKENED APARTMENT---



WHA-? KIP!
YOU STARTLED
ME!

SH-H! I'LL
EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING,
BARBARA!

KIP THEN RELATES THE ENTIRE STORY--

BUT YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
RUN AWAY! WHY, IT MAKES
THE CASE AGAINST YOU
EVEN WORSE!

I KNOW, BUT I
HAD TO HAVE A
FREE HAND WHILE
THE TRAIL IS
STILL HOT!



THERE'S SOMETHING
ABOUT RIB'S MURDER
THAT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? A LOT
OF PEOPLE MUST HAVE
DISLIKED HIM!

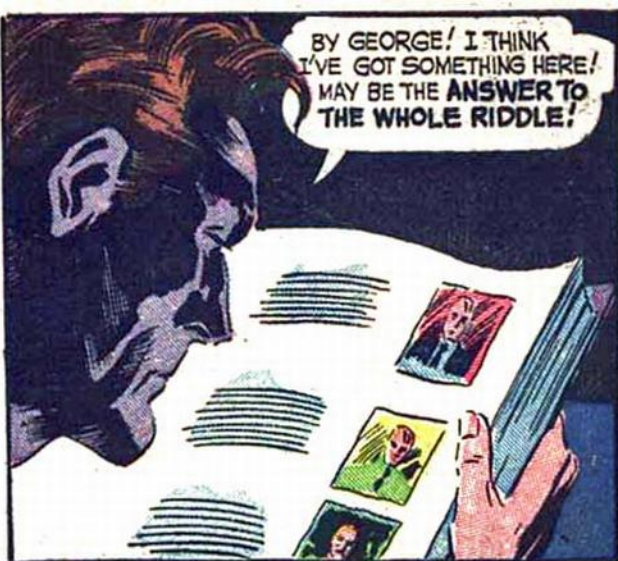
YES, BUT THIS
HAS ALL THE EAR-
MARKS OF A PRE-
PARED JOB! YET
HOW COULD THE
MURDERER KNOW
THAT RIB WAS GO-
ING TO BE IN THAT
**PHONE
BOOTH!**



I TOOK A LONG CHANCE, GOING BACK TO MY APARTMENT TO GET THIS CLASS BOOK-BUT I WANTED TO LOOK IT OVER AGAIN!



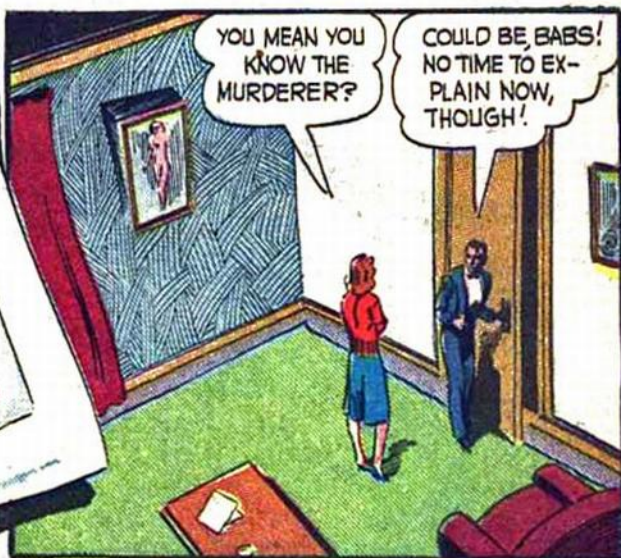
BY GEORGE! I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING HERE! MAY BE THE ANSWER TO THE WHOLE RIDDLE!



AL MCLEAN
THE CLASS ATHLETE
AL'S A WONDER AT
EVERYTHING HE TRIES!
A NATURAL BORN
WINNER! AND THE
GUY IS SO PUNCTUAL-
YOU CAN SET YOUR
WATCH BY HIM!

YOU MEAN YOU
KNOW THE
MURDERER?

COULD BE, BABS!
NO TIME TO EX-
PLAIN NOW,
THOUGH!



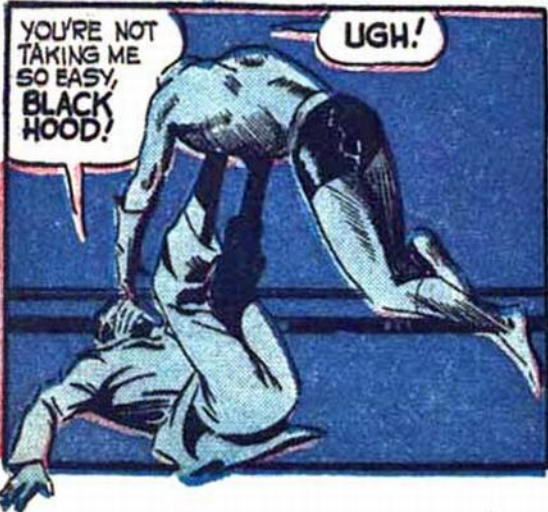
NOW IT'S UP TO THE
BLACK HOOD TO CLEAR
KIP BURLAND'S
NAME!

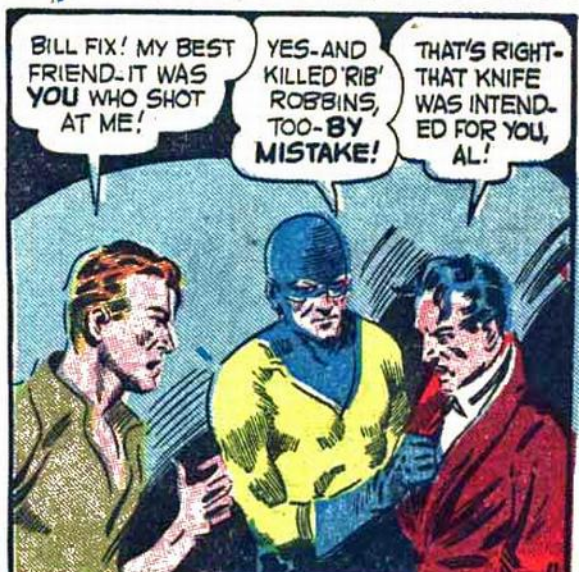
OUTSIDE, A QUICK
TRANSFORMATION
TAKES PLACE!

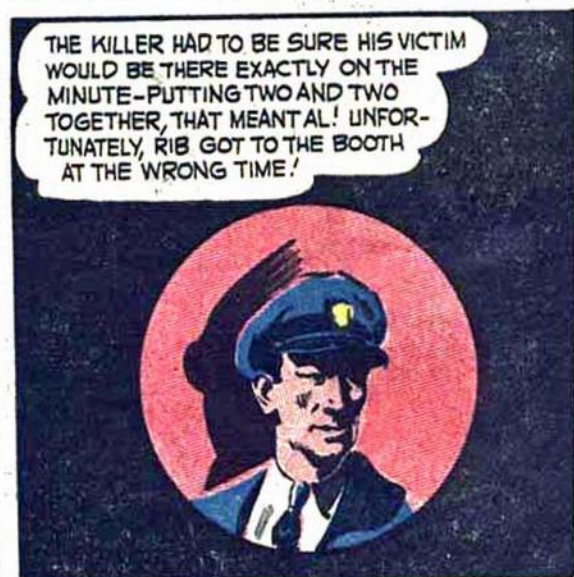


HERE'S AL'S
HOUSE, NOW!

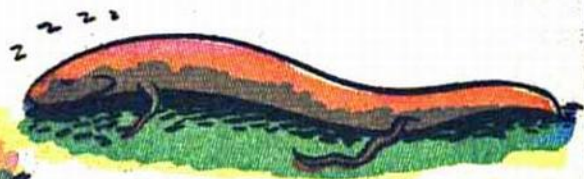








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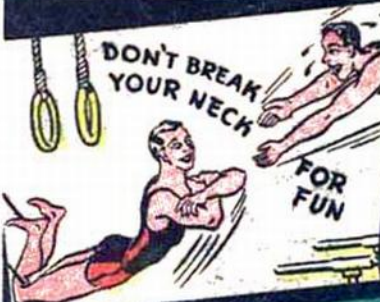
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A RATTLESNAKE!



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DIRECTIONS FOR
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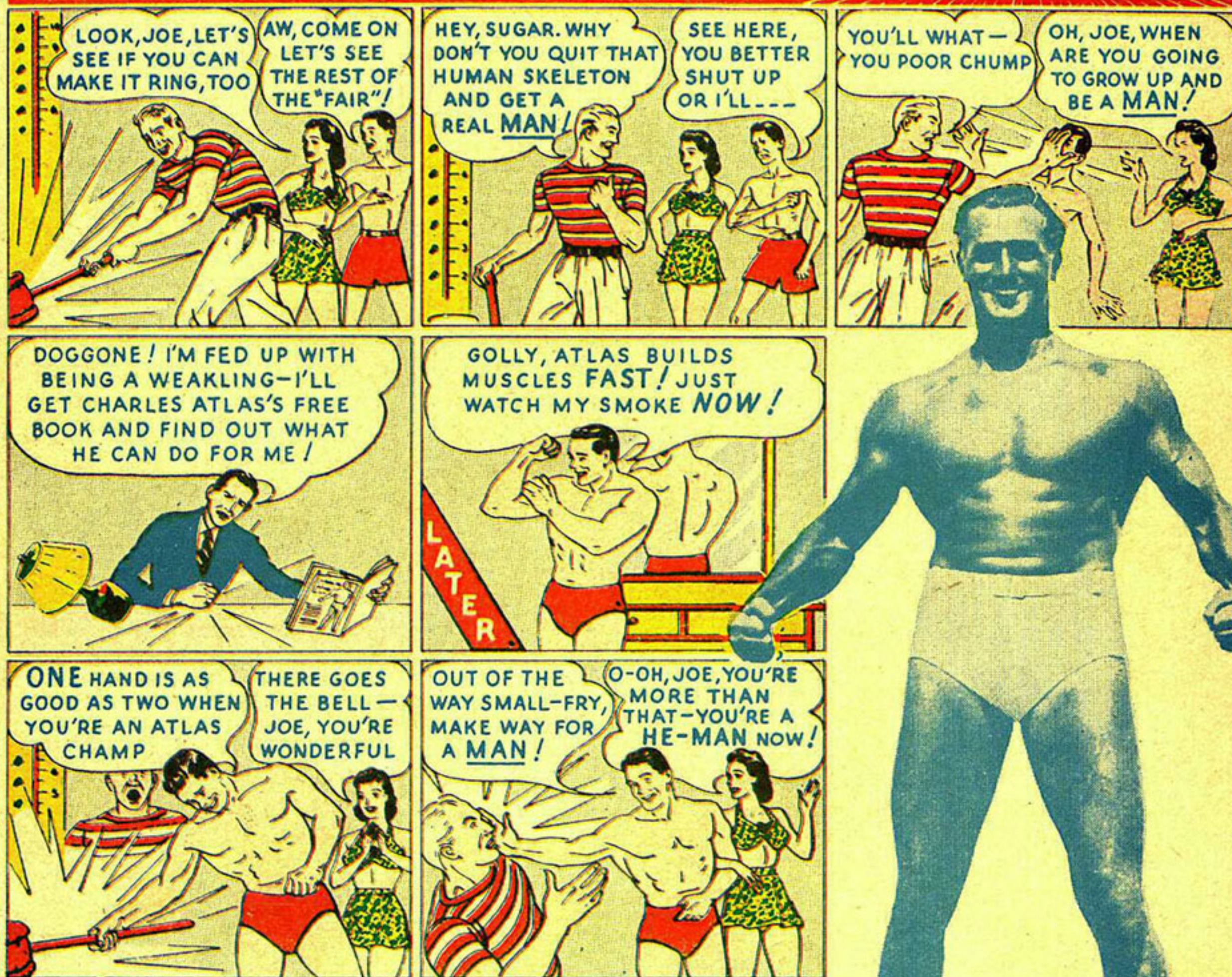
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